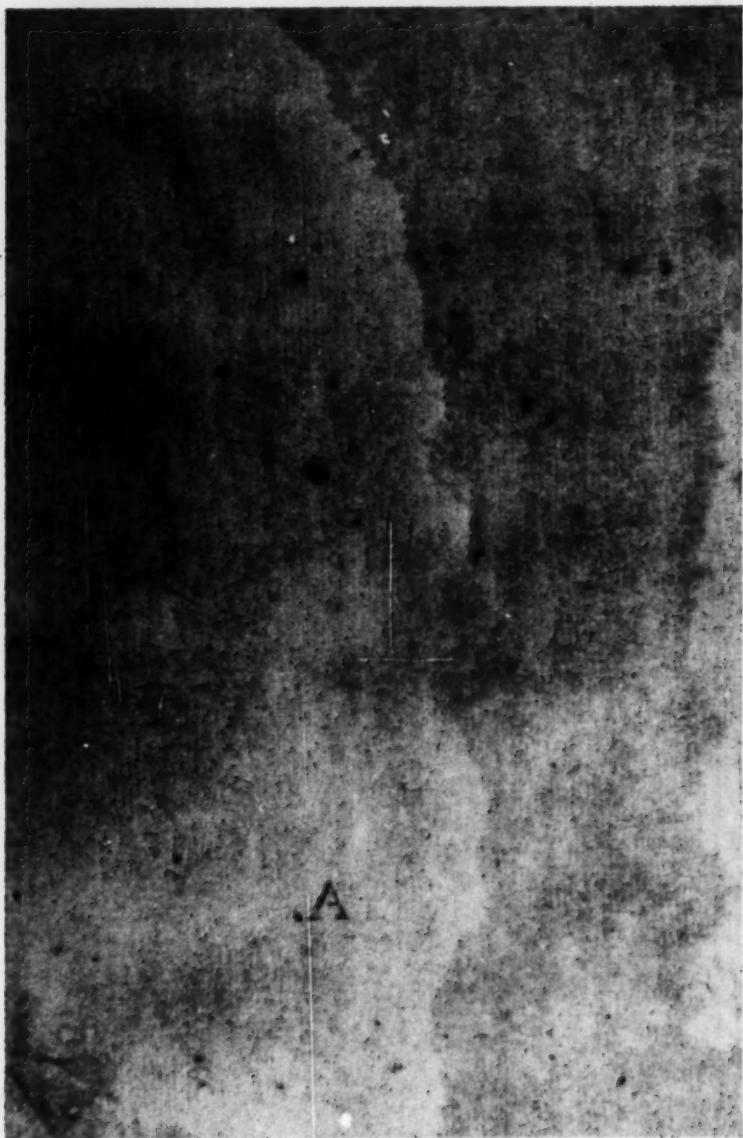


A



W. C. & S. C. BROTHERS

PRINTERS AND PUBLISHERS

TO THE TRADE AND GENERAL PUBLIC.



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thick, and are to be sold at his shop in S. Dun-
stone's Churchyard in Fleet Street.

1602.



TO THE SPIRIT OF MVCH
forwardnesse, in the inclination to much
goodnesse, in the loue of learning, and the honor of
verme: M. Thomas Rose, sonne to the Lady Beriley
of Stoke, Nich. Breton wifeth with com-
timance of health, a prosperous as-
threement of his vertuous
desires.

SYR, my acquaintance with
you hath not beene litle, nor
my loue lesse, which I wold
bee glad to manifest in some
better matter then bare words,
and yet, since words well
weyed, sometime carry matter of good
sence; in the words which I write, I pray
you wey the sence of my good will, which
if it haue not done so well as I wish, beare
with it for a litle fault, and it may bee I will
mend it with a greater: but leauing comple-
ments, let me entreat you, in your kindnesse,
to Patronage this childe of my best choise,
to answere the regard of your good discreti-
on; in whom, though you finde not that

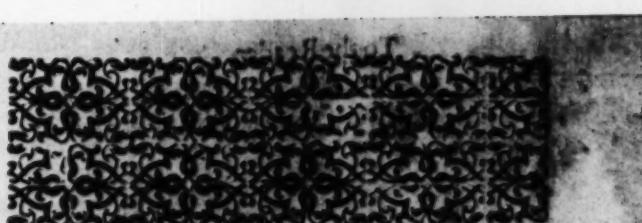
A 3 finenesse,

The Epistle Dedicatory.

finessesse, that is fitting to phantassike humours, yet it may bee you shall note some such matter of contentment, as may be a little worthy entertainment : the best is this, there is a carefull mothers blessing to her beloued sonne : the first I know you haue, and the second I doubt not you are : who mading what I haue written, and remembryng what you haue read, I am assured will please her that loueth you, and loue him that herein hath pleased you : & for that much good that he knoweth in you, will ever loue you: but seeing it were better that I rather do so, then tell you so, I will leauue my hope to a good occasion to manifest the nature of my affection : And so beseeching God to blesse your forwardnesse in all good actions, and to preserue you from all illusions,

*Yours I rest at commandinge in
what mine owne.*

Nich. Breton.



To the Reader.



Ensignmen, there are some
my idle Pamphlets under
the abused name of Po-
etrie, abroad in the world,
that matter of good vertue,
either moral, or divine, if
it bee handled in verse, is
is almost as ill as vertue; it
will not sell almost for any
thing: yet amog a number,
of no matter for this, I doubt not but there are some wil give
Reason his right, and Vertue her due, to such onely I com-
mend this little tract of moral discipline: which though
it be handled in single verse, yet if it please you to peruse it,
I hope you will not utterly disdaine it: such as it is, I leue
it to your discrete censures, and kinde corrections, in
which, as you shall shew the best conditions of dispositi-
ons, so shall you give mee cause with much thankfulness,
to present you hereafter with some better substance: But
leasf I promise more then I can performe, I pray you take
this in as good part, as if it had bin a matter of more worthie
and

To the Reader.

and so wishing you all that bear good mindes, the happy
fruities of your best desires: Lauch to be too tedious, I rest
as I finde cause.

Your friend,

N. Breton.

The Mothers blessing.

MY sonne, my sonne, my best beloued sonne,
Hear my deare son, what careful charge I leue
Take hold of *Time*, the glasse is quickly run, (thee:
Trust not to *Fortune*, for she will deceiue thee:
Whateuer thou art, let not the world perceiue thee.
Know God, loue him, be gouern'd by his will,
And haue no doubt of good, nor feare of ill.

Weane laight Will, from thristlesse Idlenes:
Bewert the wanton, to abuse thy wit:
Vnbridled Will breedes but vnhappines,
How euer sorrowes Care would couer it:
Who buyes Repentance must pay deare for it.
Time, Truth, and Triall, will in one agrēe:
The fruits of sin, Death, shame, and sorrow bee.

Loue not vpon the first delightfull looke:
Nor hatte vpon the first conceiued hatme:
Let not the care of Conscient bemistooke,
And feare the force of the Almightie arme:
Feeare not mischance, nor harken to a charme.
By graceles meanes, devise not to enrich thee,
And let no worlds vnworthy loue bewitch thee.

C

B

If

The Mothers Wif Song.

If that thou serve a Thatcher, do him due:
But if thou canst, subscribe not to the Clowes:
Lest all too late, thou find'st it all too true,
When thou hast thanch'd the house, he knoweth best
But never free, how e'er Fortune turneth, (cover)
For what the higher powers of heaven will best
There is no asking, why it should be so.

Breake not thy word, chiefe well thou willest to do,
For words are walde by men of woorke, (cover)
Take heed of those that falslye counsele, (cover)
And strike not false, for every blot of mannes wroght,
Nor do thy hand to thy body harme, (cover)
Give not a Misters libellarie, (cover)
And scarfe the fable of prodigallitie, (cover)

Hearre all men friendly, for heretofore we have erred,
Learn of the learned, and the wise ones, (cover)
And let no pride thy blessed soule surpyle, (cover)
That may discretion from thy minde remoue, (cover)
Humilitie is gracie with God above, (cover)
And Courteisie, with hono're carriage, (cover)
Twixt Loue, and Beuty, makes a mariage, (cover)

Be

THE MOTHER-SONG

The Mother-Song.

Be kind to those that kindly do deserve,
Crucial to none; a good man is well beloved;
Hence special care, my mother, must be taken
And keep them from the Evil and the Wail;
Look not the eye that frowns, nor frown at others;
Between the Randy and the Dandy,
And do not strive with them for a Kiss.

Give not thine over the empty Idle talk;
And mix no more with tales of need thou will;
Service in loco of thy heart to file,
For shame to show such honor in the dust;
And do not let thy tongue betwix them;—
Malice it to thyself when the Sun doth shine;
And thy mind be not in the lone dimine.

Place not thy lovesake in a Library,
Yer reeds and stalks, your books and apple-trees,
And till thou art a man of memory, can I be busy?
Stand not too near upon an emprise;—
Let veruse note the last infraction;—
Be wise in all things, that thou doest not err;—
A good beginning makes a bad end.

B 2

Stand

The Mothers blessing.

Stand not paterneis with persons of estate,
Be truly loyall in thy life and loue,
Know what belongs vnto a Magistrate,
Who hath his office from the heauyn aboynted him,
Nor make a Ganyler of a hedging gloue,
Let Bountie euer be the fruite of thrifte,
For borrowing is too neare the Beggers shift.

Looke into Nature with Discretions eyd,
And sorte thy selfe with vnderstanding purfetly.
Build not thy Castle of conceit too high,
Nor let thy hopes be grounded but on Merit,
While heedles Connies feare the hunteis Peril,
Give none abuse, nor basely take disgracie,
Nor loue that minde, that hath a beaten face.

A blessed Colour is a maledi blis,
And seled Countenance is a comely sight,
Stand not too long in beating of aboutis with thine hant,
For feare the Bird beguile thee with her flight,
In idle follies, never take delight,
Trauaille, but tolde not, painfull is the pleasure,
Where lacke of care, in labour hath no measure.

bm.?

a. II

If

The Virtuous Man

If God hauch'd me with his grace to sing
Be joyfull, be glad, be comforted
For, be the Praise of him that made you
Nature doth nothing but to shew him
The Sunnes light, the Moones pale glorie,
Conceal'd by clouds, the Earth, the water, and
Where you see me, I am in his counseil.

A boasting knight, that durst make brother
Which makes knowe, and nothing will content him
And bragging that he arched to be borne,
Though he stol'd his birthright, and his inheritance
Yet in the power of his armes, he durst say,
Presumption for me, in the world there is none
Emong the Nobles for boldness and for valour.

Know how to loue, but know also how to helpe
To one halfe a bde it is to helpe another
Learne what belongeth to helpe, and what to helpe
And trust not to helpe, for helpe will be
And do not recylacion, yet helpe is helpe
But keep thy spirit with that which helpe will abyou
That Truth may shew where wheres helpe is.

卷之三十一

THE END

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10. The following table shows the number of hours worked by each employee.

10. The following table shows the number of hours worked by 1000 workers in a certain industry.

10. The following table shows the number of hours worked by 1000 workers in a certain industry.

Galaxy Zoo 2 is a citizen science project that asks you to look at images of galaxies and classify them according to their shape. The project is run by the University of Oxford and the University of Portsmouth.

1000

10. The following table gives the number of hours worked by each of the 1000 workers.

1000

**Classification and
Index**

—*the best way to get along in the world is to be kind to others.*

Autosomal and X-linked inheritance of the Sotos syndrome

1000 1000 1000 1000 1000 1000 1000 1000 1000 1000

卷之三

卷之三

10. The following table gives the number of hours worked by each of the 100 workers.

The Merchant Hystory

The Merchant Hystory
Begun by the Author of the Merchant of Venice
For the Entertainment of the Stage
And the Pleasure of the Reader.

Follow thy Conscience, and thy Conscience will direct thee,
And Court it before the world.
Be never Rabell, nor a recreant Servant,
For't is a malmen to thy Master.
In all the notes of true Nobilitie,
So vse thy sword in fidelitie thy pen,
Thou maist be both belov'd, and fear'd of men.

Let not a Shafte, or a Card, nor Dice,
Take vp thy Rest, before the day,
A Parrot feather, or a Rose brie,
Make thee too full, and putt thy wealth away,
Left had I wot, a man did holly day.
Esteeme a honest man, and to his pace,
But look no deeper on a wilde goode chace.

Teare

The Mothers blessing.

Tear not thy throat with thowring whounds,
Nor ride thy horse so hard, nor drinke so hard,
Spoile not thy selfe with too muche eating
Nor barre downe thy selfe with too muche drinke,
But take no pleasure in thy selfe, but let all
But harken to the fayre voice of thy selfe,
Both of the Sun shal meare thy selfe.

Feed not too grosse, neither too thin, nor smoky alle,
The sparing diet is the fayre diet, and the greasy diet
The Pitch and Tane, and the meates of the ducke,
And want of reason will make healthe item seyn of
Of forced euils ever abuse the leaste, to at the whiles of
Be warned by a little, from the more, by heavy delyverie
And take heed of an inward breeding sore.

Wound not the conscience of a wofull hart,
Nor take delight in doing iniurie, nor in quylle,
But easse the sicke in his conſtūning smarte,
And helpe the poore man in his misery,
So liue, so die, so live, and never die,
Relieuē thy friend, but nos with all thou haſt,
Lest thou be driven to ſeeke to him as fast, as cloſt and

Importune

The Mothers blessing

Importune now no man
Nor do a sum of wrong
In cause of party or friend
But in a man's own wrong
But keepe thy countenance
Smile at thine enemies
But never liffe them downe

Loose not thy purpose
Nor strive to winne a wrong
Make it not thy pride
But let thy志士
And in renowne
Begin no more,
As of thine hono-

Trausle to none
But keep thy secret
And couer haue temper
That haue their causes to haue
And loue the soule more
For euer keep this pointe in minde
Let no man note thee of malice and chalice

D. 15.

The Mother's blessing.

Deprave not any that do well deserve,
Nor magnifie an idle headed wife;
Nor let thy will from wisedome overswarie,
Howeuer humors disallow of it:
Manage affection with discretions bitt,
For time will teach thee to true reasons creature,
A fool, is but the weake effect of nature.

In Princes Courts, do never preesse too fast,
Nor shrinke aloote from thy deince of fame:
And thinke not me, for once the humor past,
A pleasurable may be more offame:
Skeare all occasions of thy shame,
And if unwarres, then happenes no harm;
Let wits excuse the care of will commend.

Carry not too great, for scace of tempests figges,
Yet aby, in all that vertue may aduancement,
Make not any musique of a country lunge,
But leave the Lout, to tread the Morc-dances:
And keep thy fences from War affraunce,
And follow not Alles to the wood,
For fear Drame, do thee little good.

Studie.

The Mothers Mysery.

Studie the lawe, but to maintaine thy fyne
Divinitie, to keep thy soule in peace
Logicke, but only questions to discuss
Arithmetike, but knowes not to count
How numbers may be multiplied and divided
Philosophy, to judge of Natures self
And Phisicke, but greate humors to distill

And Rethorike, to speake in time and place
Musique, but to remoue melancholy
Astrology, to knowe the influences
For Architecture, learne Geometrie
And for thy mariage, learne Comoners
For recreation, good companye
But for discourses, studie Philosophy.

To haue a kind of recreation
In hawkes and hounds, or in the fieldes and forestes
Is not amisse, but let me assure thee
Be neuer setled in an idle忙
Nor shew thy folly in a wanton way
Be silent to thy selfe, what soe thou thinkest
And take good heed, with who, & where thou dein-

D 2

Learne

The Mother's blessing.

Leare for instruction, Reste for exercise;
Practise for knowledge, and for gaine remember:
In worldly pleasures make no paradise,
Know that thou art of Christ his church a member,
And do not make thine April in September.
Timothy God, in youth didst thy waies,
And he will blesse thee in thine aged daies.

The Confidencen know the title of a crowne,
Yet know withall there is a king of kings :
Who holdeth vp and bestrideth tumblith downe,
And all the world doth couer with his wings,
Whiche over a million of his glory sings.
To whom a schollard come them daily oweest,
And he will blesse thee in thine aged daies.

Wink in the window though thon flow' st it not,
And all cominge in to see me thinke despise.
Let not my folly do me that will goe,
Nor lose an Art, by lacke of exercise to thy troupe
Yet let no labour, honor prejudice
Be wifely sparing, but not miserable,
And rather die, then be dishonorable.

Feste

The Mothers blessing.

Feare not a Giant, for his monstros shape,
The diuell cannot goe beyond his bounds :
Nor learne to play the Monkie with an Ape,
But keep thy selfe within discretions bounds,
And keep tunc frō the worsē the cōscience wounds.
Thus in thy way, let wisedome ther guide thee,
And be assur'd, no evill can betide thee.

Do not awake the Lion in his denne,
Nor thinke the Foxe a foole before you trie him:
Nor put an Eagle in a Capons penne,
Nor trust a Wolfe, if that you come too nigh him,
But come not neare him, if you can goe by him:
For rauening beasts haue wonderfull wide lawes,
And spoile what ever comes within their clawes.

Beate not the aire with hammers in thy head,
Whose dreameing labours will but dull thy wits,
And do not put thy shute into lead,
Except thou make a double gaine of it,
And euer do that may thine honor fit.
Know trades & traffique, merchants & their wifes,
But spend thy spirit in more noble cares.

C 3

Be

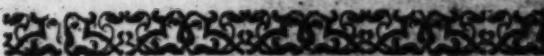
The Mothers blessing.

Be not condemned for a common Louer,
I meane, lone miske, to a world of weemen:
For care can hardly credir lost recover,
And whiche be bound, can never well be free men:
Blame hath workinge Is here ye to see men:
For whiche she leads the heart unto heretics,
She leads it finely into les paradies.

Boast not vpon the beuty of youth,
Nor scorne the weaknesse of decrepit age:
But hold this faire example of man,
Death hath a part vpon all men, & all age;
Wherfore let us fayrelye make our selfe
A Tragedie, whereof death is the theme,
But sygnes of death, the vertuous line againe.

Spend not thy time in sillye comedy,
In gaudies for the same can be had
Nor let thy wit smalle will twangle, & tangle
VWhere giddie humors the iestlin'd to gad,
And let not melancholy make thee mad.
For better shal thine eyes from such a light,
Then haue shynht tormentid by the fight.

Spare



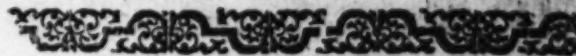
The Mothers blessing.

Spare to discourse vpon experiance,
And alwaies rather answere then demand:
And let no passion shewre impatience,
But make entreatie where thou hast commaund:
And never be with flattovers ouerflownd:
Nor stand too much vpon thine owne opinion,
How euē *Pallas* marke dace for her minston:

Let not a Princeesse fauour make thee prond,
Nor grieue too much vpon a small disgrace:
Bearre not affectiones shalby crownd,
Nor make an idoll of a painted face:
Nor loue a colt but of a courfie bane,
Nor vow thy seruice to mislikēn Saints,
Vvhose true styes are but founē Sweetnesse.

Weare not a feather in a shoure of raine,
Nor swagger with a Swifer for his swill:
Put not thy spirit vnto too much paine,
In searching secrets farre aboue thy skill:
And know a halbert from a hedging bill.
And euer note those noble points of nature,
That truly make an honorable creature.

Hobbeare



The Mothers blessing.

Forbear thy fury on a siddaine rage,
Yet in thy right be ever resolute :
And let true patience choller to asswage,
That honors quartell may be absolute :
Lest rashnes too much reason overshute.
For carefull valor in a cause of strife,
Strengthens the hart, and gives the spirit life.

Flie Machimile his vyle instructions,
Which are but posisons to a princely minde :
And noted well, are but destrutions,
That do the world with wicked humors blinde :
And do the soule to hellish seruice bide.
Where nothing for gaine must be forbidden,
While devils in the shaps of men are hidden.

Note what is done, by whom, and how, and when,
And marke what issue growes of each euent :
If by the sword, the purse, or by the pen,
And where the honor of the action went:
And how to take it for a president.
For many things haue many times bene done,
That had bene better, nere had bene begun.

Know

The Merchant of Venice

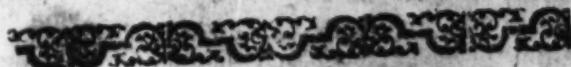
Know all the comfitation thou canst have,
But follow onely that may do thee good.
In questions alwaies make thy selfe to be aduised
Obisured thoughtes are heauenly, but medling earth.
But let not choller ouertheate thy minde, for it will
So shall thy fears of fortunes fortune him selfe.
And thou shalt stand when others shal do fall.

Take heed my sonne, thy fowle beastes dooome
With any straunge, or all too strong affayre,
For care heft wot comfyteth the hearte,
Which scos the force of illies chalenge,
While heedlesse will haue woe,
Be wise my sonne, in heauynesse as in goodes,
And thou shalt tangle with no mannes woe.

Loue not a lester, nor a hatchey lady,
Time is but lost in either of them small,
Rather regard the mattocke and the spade,
And take the sunne to be thy mest dialls,
Where thou shalt see the foole a knauish spiall.
Shake off the lowse that hangis upon thy cloathes,
And hate the swearer that is full of oathes.

D

The



The Murther by Song

The ruffian will by, and the rascall sye,
But loue the vertuous, yallant, and the kynde.
Looke towards heauen, and let the world go bye,
And make thy heauen subiect to thy minde.
How er thou wakest, be not wilfull blinde,
But looke unto the glory of that grace,
That makes the faimfull spit in Iahans face.

Confound the diuell with the word of God.
Looke to thy selfe in the sociaall part,
And loue the vertuous, yallant, and the kynde.
And soule by Saint Iohn whiche giveth him
Who dwelleth his commandments in small sinnes,
And when thy exchequer is empty, dush affile thee,
Trust in his mercie, and never faille the cur.

Mine owne deare Bonne, I wot no desyd dinne,
But what my God hath taught me, that I teach thee:
Beseeching him to blesse that soule of thine,
That no illusion euer overreach thee,
Nor wilfull sinne of lacke of grace impeach thee,
Nor faithlesse thought may euer deface thee,
But that his mercie euer will embrase thee.

But

The Merchant

But for my notes of natures oblique intent,
By long experience to my paines remeved,
Where truths constructions made those
That too much proofe hath for affirme
Which priuate curc hath from the world
To thee my sonne, and for thy good I will
I do this cacher of my leuels ope.

Esteeme them richer than a man can tell,
And part not with them for a woorke
For such a treasure is neuer to be sold,
As is both for the soule and bodies health,
Then leave them not unto vnyse
But in thy bosome, locke them up
Till good occasion bid.

And when thou findest them, let them loose
And leads thee to the ground,
Go forward still, and further still to find
How best the substance may be vndone,
That after purging bee eu the livelyng stone
And thou shalt seele such pleasure in thy boord
As idle spirits have no power to gaine.

D 2 And



The Mothers blessing.

And ere I know too farr vnto an end,
Let me aside furthermore aduise thee :
Be couffull in affecting of a friend,
Lest fable, ill kinde & cesse cunningly surprise thee.
Consider this much for such a fipe & suffice thee :
Let no man, valour, truth, and wit allure thee,
Or never of a faithfull friend allure thee.

But now to thy selfe confide, and let me then aduise
Thy choying, vertue ioyns with eloquence :
Excellente wisedome & liberalitie,
For valours, resolutions, patience & constancie :
For prudence, witt, experiance, and iudicacie :
For honestnes, inclination, quietnes, &
For all other vertues, let me then aduise.

But now to thy selfe confide, wherewithall will fauour any,
Wherewithall maye best cannot alter nature :
Prest to shewe, for if thou makist of many,
Thou wil be held a simple wised creature :
Take heed therefore of a dissembling feature,
Sowes the condition, and approue it sound,
Before thy faith be to thy fauour bound.

But

The Mothers Warning

But if thou find'st a minde of that same warden bank
That is not matcht in all the brokers shope:
Whence thou canst draw that true touche blanke
Which is not season'd with vnsauery hope:
While fauhs strong pillars need no vnder propre
All as a Phænix, do esteeme this friend,
With whom thy life with thy affection end.

But if a smoothing tongue, a flatteryng face,
A capping knee, with double diligence,
By close collaging creape into thy grace,
To make an vise of thy magnificencie,
Know he will but abuse thy patience.
Away with such, and from thy care difford them,
They purchase but disgrace that regard dicke.

And if he seeke to vndermine thy thought,
And go about thee with a bad intention,
And do denie thy due desire in ought
That may perforne the croth of his intention
Or stand on termes in causes of contention;
Then do thus much for thy assurance know,
A hollow friend is but a hellish foe.

D .

And

The Merchant of Venice.

And now for knowing of thine enemy,
Let this induce for stations arse direction:
Who doth intrude into thy company,
That makes a shewe of too too much affection?
Such nimble wits haue ever in refection.
And by a serpents hisse, and beare-whelpes etc,
Wise of the treason, of an enimie.

If he will aduise to disloyall thought,
To move him a villaine in the height;
If there be here with women humors wrought,
That make her sonnes to haue the crocks baile:
And if the cheynes of a garting sleight,
Inuenient him to leue his company,
And hold him for a cunning enimie.

If he impoune thee with borrowing,
Or cancells upon thy parties spending:
Or daily putteth off with morrowing,
Till want do make them wearie of thy leading,
Then in place of better thrifis commending,
Shake off a yoke in his villany,
And hold him for an inward enimie.

By A.

C.

But

The Mothers blessing.

But leaving more offriends, or foes to speake,
The one too fewe, the other all too many :
So many friends, then friendshipe daily breake,
That fewe are faythfull, if that fewe be any :
The Sunne so shone, the painted face will tawny :
That he that hath the world well ouergone,
Findes foes too many, friends but fewe or none.

But when thou wili a servant fyly chuse,
Hauke great regard vnto his qualitie :
Left lacke of care, thy kindness do abuse :
Allow no countenancis formalitie,
No prigging thest, nor prodigalitie,
No pot compytion, nor no prating knave,
Nor lazie Rascall, nor uncomely lance.

No slouen, sluggard, nor sheep-biter dogge,
No wencher, night-walker, nor game player :
No leering coopes-mate, nor no grunning hogge,
No lyar, swearer, brabblier, nor way-layer :
No fawcie Iester, nor soothsayer.
No daintie tooth, nor double diligence ;
Nor him that hath a world wide conscience.

But

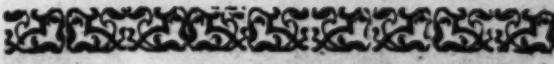
The Mather's blessing.

But sober,honest,wittie,thrifte,kinde,
Goodshape,good face,expert, and laborous,
Good hand,good heart,good spirite,& good minde:
Discreetly carefull,but not covetous:
Faithfull and firme,in perfect truthe approuing.
And think that seruant kindly worth the louing.

Now if thy seruant vinawares offend,
In secret give him reprehension:
But if you see he care not to amend,
Nor of aduice take better reprehension,
Mistrust his spirit of some ill intention.
Away with him, and turne him to disgrace,
And seeke to putt a better in his place.

But last of all, and not the least in charge,
I wish thee looke into thy lones coniort:
For when the heart hath left the eye at large,
Venus commaunds where *Cupid* scales the fort:
As all too many,all too true report.
Be carefull therefore in thy thoughts affection,
That they be gouern'd by a good direction.

Beauric



The Mothers blessing.

Beautie with vertue, honour ioynd with kindnesse;
Wit with some wealth, and person without pride:
True noblenesse, without ambitious blindnesse,
Faire haire, straight bodied, sweet countenance, and
A spirit where no poison doth abide. (cleare eide;
Where these sweet birds do all in one bush sing,
Who would not spend his life in such a spring?

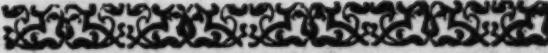
But if she be ilfaour'd, blind, and old,
A prattle basket, or an idle flut :
A sleepie huswife, or a hatefull scold,
Or such a sparrow as will not keepe cut:
Spoile not thy teeth with cracking such a nut.
For in the world there is no greater hell,
Then in a house with such a bagge to dwell.

Or if complexion with condition meete,
A Croidon sanguine, and a currish nature :
A minde that treads good manners vnder feete,
A sorrell foretop, and a sowish feature:
God blesse thee sonne, from such a wicked creature.
And let thee rather leade a single life,
Then kill thy selfe, to liue with such a wife.

E

Learne





The Mothers blessing.

Learne then to chuse the best, and leaue the worst,
And chusing well, make much of such a choise:
And thou shalt see while other liue accurst,
Thy heart and soule shall inwardly reioyce:
Oh heartie loue is such a heau'ly voyce,
As he that know it, or doth kindly heare it,
Will finde no musike in the world come neare it.

But I will leaue thee to the heau'ns direction,
Beseeching God of his high heauenly grace:
To settle so the care of thy affection,
It take no roote in an vnworthy place:
But that a virgins eye, and Angels face,
So make thee ioyfull of thy happie chaine,
That fancie bound, would not be free againe.

But that this course, and euerie other care,
May purchase and continue thy content:
And that thy soule may liue, where vertues are,,
The happie soules eternall ornament:
To him that fram'd the highest firmament.
Thy heart and soule in loue all humbly bow,
And to his will, thy seruice truly vow.

At:



The Mothers blysong.

At morne, at noone, at euening, day, and night,
Vnto his mercie do confesse thy sin:
And begge of him, to cleare thy blinded sight,
And teach thy spirit how it may begin
To finde the way that gracious loue may win.
Pray, weepe, and cry, vntill thou hast obtained
Into his seruice to be entertained.

And when thou feel'st the spirit of that grace
That rules the heau'ns, come downe into thy hart:
And so thy thoughts in order all to place,
That vertue do dispose of evry part:
When thus thou feel'st that thou blessed art,
Pray for continuance of that comforts blint,
That keepes the soule, it cannot go astray.

And when thou feel'st the loathing of that sinne,
That long misled, that mournfull soule of thine:
And the true way of grace art entred in,
That doth the soule to sacred loue encline,
And doth assure thee of the loue diuine,
Then let thy heart, thy minde, and spirit sing
An Halleluiah to thy heauenly King.

E 2

Begin



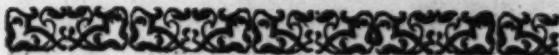
The Mothers blessing.

Begin with glory to his maiestie,
Proceed with glorie to his holy name:
Continue glorie to his Deitie,
And end with glorie to his worthy fame.
And endless be the glorie of the same.
Begin, proceed, continue, end his story,
Without beginning, never ending glory.

○ highest glory, in the heau'ns aboue,
○ brightest glory, of the heau'ns behoue :
○ purest glory, before heau'ns to proue,
○ blessed glory, aboue heau'ns to loue :
○ louely glory, that all loue doch moue,
○ gracious glory, that all grace beginneth,
○ glorious glory, that all glory winneth.

Thus my deare sonne, sing vnto God thy Lord,
And sing in tune, that heau'ns may ioy to heare:
And let thy tongue, thy heart, and soule accord,
To chaunt it out with such a ioyfull cheare,
That heau'ns may see, thou hold'st their master
And thy true faith may in thy spirit proue, (deare.
The liuing comfort of thy heau'ly loue.

But:



The Mothers blessing.

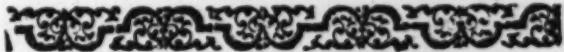
But if thou doost not serue thy God aright,
And humbly feare his holy maestic :
Thy clearest day will auerne to darksome night,
Thy wealth to want, thy wit to vanitie:
Thine ease to paine, ioy to calamitie.
Thy sweetest musickie to a mournfull quell,
Thy life to death, thy hope of heauen to hell.

For though a while he suffer thee to thriue,
And finde on earth a fayned paradis:
Yet death will come, who quickly will deprive,
Thy fences of the pleasures of thine eies :
Wherein th' illusion of thy spirit lies.
And thou wilt be within thy soule so torme,
As thou wouldest wish, thou never hadst bin borne..

A world of woes will ouerwhelme thy heart,
And fearefull dreames affright thee in the nighet:
A thousand torments will encrease thy smart,
And dreadfull visions will thy soule affright:
Thou shalbe bard from the eternall light,
And in the darknesse, where all horrors dwell,
Thy soule shall burne in everlasting hell.

E 3

Where



The Mothers blessing.

Where thou shalt see the mixer-minded dogge,
Frie in the furnace of his molten gold:
The glutton monster, and the drunken hogge,
Gnawing their bones, with hunger, thirst, and cold:
The murtherer in paines not to be told.
The leacher so bedight in beastliness,
As kills his soule to see his filchiness.

The tyrant tortur'd with those vgly spirits,
That fed his humour with the thirst of blood:
The traitor follow'd with those hungry serpents,
That onely fed vpon the poysned food
Of damned soules, that never did man good:
The theefe tormented with the shamelesse lyer,
The swearer's mouth, all in a flame of fyre.

The pander and the wicked parasite,
Shall sup the broath of hellish beastliness:
The heretike in wilfull oversight,
Shall feed vpon the froth of foolishnesse:
Boyl'd in the fire of all vnsaithfulnessse.
The Atheist so shall feeke Gods vengeance on him,
That all the plagues of hell shall fall vpon him.

The

The Mothers blessing.

The uniusl Judge, at least if there be any,
The bribing clients of ill conscience:
The perjur'd witnessse whereof are too many,
The plotting pace of sinfull pestilence;
The wrothfull spirit of impatience
All these shall iustly all their torments beare,
But God blesse thee from seeing of them there.

But if thou rightly serue thy Lord and God,
And day and houre do sue to him for graces:
When faithfull Truth this world hath ouertrod,
Thy soule shall fye vnto a fairer place,
Where thou shal see thy Sauour in the face,
And in that face, than euerythinge blis,
In which the brightnesse of all glory is.

There shalt thou see fro hie the day-light springing,
Which darksome night hath never power to shade:
There shalt thou hear the Saintes & Angels singing,
And all their ditties to his glory made.
There shalt thou feele the ioyes that never fide.
There shall thy soule more perfecte ioyes possesse,
Then tongue, or heart, or spirit, can expresse.

There

The Mothers blessing.

There shalt thou see the bounteous richly crowned,
The gracious Prince in Angels armes embrased ;
The vertuous souldiers with the Saints renowned ;
The Judge of Justice, in hight honor placed :
The faithfull wimes, in Truthes fauour graced.
The virgins singing, in the Angels quiet,
How patient hopes unto their heau'n aspire.

There shalt thou feele the blessed joy of peace,
Wherein the life of holy loue doth rest :
There shalt thou hear the Musick neuer cease,
Where Angels voyces euer are adrest,
In their best tunes to sound his glory best.
Where evrytyme a blessed part doth bear,
God blesse thee longe to let them euer there.

FINIS.

